

Blunt

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Summary: Cordelia doesn't like the growing bond between Wesley and Faith. Takes place some time after Torture.

Blunt

NOTE: I posted another story called "Blunt" on fanfiction.net but I've since taken it down, because it was rather disconnected. I'd really like to know if this one seems clear before posting, so I'd love to hear what you think.

>
Blunt

>
I probably learned to take Wesley for granted the first day he showed up in LA. Which is nothing new. According to Angel, I take everyone I meet for granted, but no one has ever made it as easy for me as Wesley. It's like he was meant to fade into the background. I've never met anyone so willing to *let* it happen, like he doesn't mind it at all.

>
And Faith is the complete opposite. When she's in the room, it's like you can't *not* think about her, even when she doesn't say a word. She dresses worse than Buffy ever did, and her lipstick is so loud it almost speaks for itself.

>
Wesley was an annoyance at first, but ended up an annoyance I sort of liked.

>
I pretty much have wanted to kill Faith every second since she arrived.

>
It's hard to believe Wesley was assigned to watch this girl. It shouldn't surprise anyone that she went rogue and he got sacked. Looking at the two of them back then, I can't imagine a single point of intersection between them.

>
But all that has been changing. It's like they've suddenly opened this channel that no one else can hear. They talk quietly over books, and talk so much that even I can't imagine what they have to say to each other after all this time. Meanwhile, Angel's been spending a lot of time in the basement, and I... Well, I've been catching up on back issues of Cosmo while I can get away with it.

>
I wonder what it is about hooker-red lipstick that suckers guys

into forgiveness. Maybe Buffy was out of line showing up here and reminding Angel of all the stunts Faith has pulled, but at the same time, I can't help remembering the way Angel spat at Lindsey MacDonald when he came here, willingly, seeking to help us.

>
She's smiling at Wesley now, and the worst part of it isn't that she has the nerve to smile at him after what she did to him, but that he's smiling back. They're going to get their jackets off the coat rack soon, and mumble some excuse to leave early again this week so they can talk about god knows what until three in the morning so they can come late to work and mumble an apology...*again.*

>
The Watcher and the Slayer are supposed to have a special bond. Now when I try to remember, I can think of lots of times when Buffy and Giles seemed to know exactly when something was wrong with the other. Why didn't it happen with Wesley and Faith? Was it because she was so experienced, and he so naïve? Maybe without knowing it, Buffy and Giles actually sniffed out whatever could have formed between the other two with the sheer irreplaceable strength of their relationship.

>
Whatever it was, it isn't hindering them anymore. Another few weeks of this, and they'll be reading each other's minds.

>
I wish all the time-almost every second, that Faith will disappear overnight without a parting word. Sometimes I even wish that she'll cross right back over to the dark side, but somewhere far away, where we won't have to stop her, and I won't have to see her face in visions, crying out as if she really does need help.

>
If Faith left, Angel could come back upstairs and yell at me for reading magazines when I should be filing. Wesley could go back to blending into the background.

>
I don't think I've ever been so eager to take anyone for granted in my life.

> <p><p>

End
file.